

GREAT MEN AT YALE

How Millionaires' Sons Spend Their Time at College

WITH FUN, FROLIC AND STUDY

Sensible Boys With Sensible Tastes. Even Young "Neely" Vanderbilt Does Not Spend \$3,000 a Year.

The sun rises this morning through a bank of clouds. The haze of an October morning is in the crisp air, settling over and partly obscuring the historic walls of old Yale until they loom up like gray, storied phantoms, such as might haunt the dreams of some hoary-headed alumnus. The college boys are still asleep and the dimly-lit avenues of the familiar grounds are, consequently, as silent as a country road at dawn. A solitary figure in black, with head inclined thoughtfully, is seen



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, YALE, CLASS OF '95.

slowly moving through the college by-paths. It is one of the professors out for his morning stroll. He has a book under his arm, with his cane he taps lightly the smooth, ringing concrete walk, the sharp echoes growing gradually more and more muffled until they cease altogether.

It is time the boys were up and doing. They tell me, in Yale, that, whenever the morning bell is pealing, the venerable Lyceum—as this portion of the dormitories is called—literally awakes to and fro, by reason of the sturdy vigor of the bell-man and the



THE FAMOUS "VELVET CUP."

great age and insecurity of the building but, for all that, no man was ever known to have sat on the clasp of seven o'clock, unless he be some "greasy grind," which, in college vernacular, signifies a student who is sincerely earnest in the matter of bookish lore. Those sleepy chaps, who just peeped around the corner must be, then, "greasy grinds," although there is not the slightest thing in their personal apparel to suggest anything other than a fashionable tailor, who well understands his trade. Then other men appear, here, there, out of the various halls in the immediate vicinity of the "brick row," until finally, there are perhaps a hundred students in sight, slowly promenading to and fro, smoking cigarettes, reading intently out of books, chatting, sitting in doorways, or engaging in a good-natured scuffle under some window. One young student, who wears a knee cap, with an enormous peak, like a horse jockey, is satisfied with nothing short of kicking a football up among the top-most branches of the tall elm trees, nearby, and roaring in frenzied tones: "Loch out!" whereas there is a scupper and a general effort to extend the pugilist on the ground. One man, who builds in his teeth a short, straight-stemmed cigar pipe, of the model said to be affected by the prince of Wales, leaps headlong into the scuffle, and, whilst apparently still demurely puffing away at his morning smoke, slashes wildly at the ball, rolls over and over, and finally turns up smiling and smoking. For the Yale fellow and his pipe are inseparable.

And now the chapel bell is ringing, and one by one, in straggling groups, the boys are directing their way toward that stone flight of steps, that leads to the beautiful place of worship, where, daily, the year through, they are wont to assemble to sing and to listen to the words of the Good Book. The men sit together in accordance with their class. The seniors have the position of honor, where their presence may be commanded, and where they may command. Rich and poor, side by side in equality, here they gather—for in Yale there is an absolute leveling of rank. Young Mr. Vanderbilt is over there in a double high-backed seat, numbered on one end "No. 17," and the other "No. 1." The son of the industrial mechanic is not far away, and the widow's only boy is within touch of the many-millionaire's

child. Young Mr. McMillan, whose father is one of the commercial princes of the great middle-west, is sitting in pew No. 58. Alonso Potter, tall, somewhat dour, but with a splendid cast of countenance, and a high, commanding brow, sitting in pew No. 74, is the son of the famous Bishop Potter, and, as such, as well as for his own merits, is one of the marked men of Yale to-day. Mr. Harrison, a strikingly handsome and manly fellow, Mr. Vanderbilt's chum, has pew No. 261. Harry Taine Whitney, one of the most popular men in college, is seen in pew No. 104. When the last verse has been sung, and the benediction pronounced, and as the professor who led the exercises prepares to gain the street, the senior class rises and bows gravely. It is a very narrow aisle, like a wall. It is not easy for the grave and venerable gentleman to pass. As one of the men said afterwards to me, alluding to the oddity of the situation:

"He must be a pretty good football player who goes through!"

Young Mr. Vanderbilt, after he had retired quietly from chapel, went down the concrete walk, in the direction of the street. He is a tall, slender youth, whom you might pass a dozen times a day in Yale, or out of it, for that matter, and never know, by any outward token, that he is the son of the great house of Vanderbilt. In manners he is kindly, considerate and gentlemanly; in bearing he is dignified, erect and straightforward; in disposition he is shy, nervous and patient; in dress he is modest and unassuming.

"Oh, Neely!"

Vanderbilt turned and recognized a friend. "Neely" is the nickname bestowed on young Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., Yale '95. The origin of the peculiar byword was not explained to me, although there is that about it which suggests it is in some sort a corruption of "Cornelius." The two men exchanged greetings thus:

"Where are you bound, Neely?"

"Over to Mory's."

"What for?"

"Eggs!"

"I'll go you!"

Mory's place has been known to Yale men for generations. It is not far away, a block or two in one direction, then a turn to the right, and the young men see before them a small, white two-story house, nestling under the circling shades of a giant elm tree, whose wide-spreading branches leap into the sky. The front entrance is through two swinging doors, each containing an oval glass whereon, in old text ruby letters, appear the words

TEMPLE BAR

Wendel Weissgeber is at the door, Young Vanderbilt knows Wendel well;

if they can find the place they carved their initials, where they carved them in college days.

Young Vanderbilt, retiring from the table, shakes hands with his friend across the table, then starts for the college. He enters Durfee hall, one of the dormitories, and passes to his room.

The number of the Vanderbilt room was even written in chalk on the brick wall, just outside the door. It is number "422." In fact, Mr. Vanderbilt did not even choose his room, but had to try for it by lot. There are at Yale twice as many boys as there are rooms

MR. VANDERBILT'S ROOM AT YALE.

in the hall; consequently one-half the students have to take quarters wherever they can find them. In private homes among the citizens of New Haven, Mr. Vanderbilt saves money. He does not cut expenses as a matter of necessity, but because Yale is an extremely democratic place, and because he is a very sensible young man, about whom there is not the least suggestion of pride.

When night comes down over old Yale college, many are the ways in which the men spend the hours. The lamps are kindled and the students are busy with their apparently unending tasks, which they must master before even the nearest goal is won. Occasionally, through the newspaper or in letters some echo of the great, roaring, busy world outside penetrates the quiet of these reposeful rooms, but, after all, it is only an echo, for college men live lives essentially apart from the rest of humanity. For them there are no cares, no responsibilities, no petty vexations common to daily existence everywhere, other than they themselves choose to burden themselves with, and this, usually, is small, indeed. Maybe, tiring of bookish wisdom, the lamp is snuffed and the man, joined by his merry chums, thinks to fling away his time over the ale mugs, or over the peerless tankards at Treager's, fitted up, with the closest merit of detail, to reproduce an antique drinking place in old Vienna.

Over at the hospitable Temple Bar much the same scene is enacted, as it has been these many, many years gone by. The cheerful fire flickers in the grate; the birds in the gilded cages are singing; the polished tables, twinkling under the electric bulbs, reflect back the images of happy young faces and smooth, white hands, before each of which there is a mug of English ale or a grinning toby; the blue smoke curls aloft; some one starts singing, in a low key, over in the corner; the tale goes round; the cups pass and repass; some men, alas! are dangerously close to Mory's twenty dollar "limit of credit," but never mind, says one, "there's a go, boys; there will be more money next week—maybe."

Then Oakley brings out the famous "Velvet Cup," adorned with its six handles and decorated with the names of men passed from the classic halls these twenty years! It's an odd fancy, that of the Velvet Cup, and many have been the deep potatoes quaffed from its deep belly! After successful boat races, it has run red with wine, or

white with champagne. It has been wreathed in garlands of pretty girls; it has swam with nut-brown ale; some whose names are carved here on the six-handled cup are here to-night; others, world-pressed men of affairs, are far away, in busy walks of life, with children of their own, boys here in old Yale, sitting to-night in the same old tavern where sat, twenty years before, their sire's other again—like young William H. Vanderbilt, have left this world and have passed on ahead. "Velvet" is the name of a delicious mixture, whose formula is sacredly kept secret by Oakley; it is drunk out of the cup this evening, the six members each taking a handle.

JOHN HUBERT GARDNER.
UNTIDY MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Her Appearance When on the Throne Disposition.

As the French press were too much absorbed with the Russian visitors to think of anything else, the one hundredth anniversary of Marie Antoinette's execution, the Paris correspondent tells the London Daily News, was kept by different royalist journals.

Some of them in supplements gave reports of sensational pictures of her trial, and copies, tinted and in black and white, of her portraits. The memoirs of Baron M. Thiebaud, the friend of Frederick the Great, which has just come out, contain a description of her as she walked from the chapel royale at Versailles to her private apartments.

It does not accord with the idea generally entertained of her sumptuous elegance. She was, the baron says, dressed in white percale, or a kind of thin cotton. It was so soiled and shabby that he would have taken her for an under servant, had she not walked at some distance before a boy of splendidly dressed ladies. Her whole appearance denoted carelessness.

When the baron mentioned his surprise to some gentlemen of the court they shook him by the things they said about her want of neatness and



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

incapacity to feel what she owed to her position.

Indeed, whenever people about court spoke of the king or queen to the baron it was in a tone of sneering levity, not to say of ribaldry. In the Arneith correspondence Marie Theresa frequently chides Marie Antoinette for her untidy habits, thus corroborating Baron Thiebaud's impressions.

DEEP SEA LIFE.

In the profoundest abysses of the sea are strange forms of life that never, save when brought up by the trawl, see the upper light. The work carried on by the United States fish commission has established the fact that forms of sea life inhabiting the upper waters may descend to about twelve hundred feet from the surface, but below this is a depth of three hundred or three hundred and sixty fathoms, a barren sea intervenes where marine life seems absent. But still deeper, strange to say, has been discovered an abundant and varied fauna, new to science, living under conditions of tremendous pressure and the paucity of the life-sustaining element of oxygen.

The Object Party Attained.

KilJordan (giving it a vigorous kick)—Eggs! This is the third morning I've seen that old rubber boot lying on the sidewalk at this corner. What's your idea in keeping it there, anyhow?

Bootblack—I ain't got nuthin' to do with it. The feller who runs this grocery store is keepin' tab on that boot. He says he's goin' to find out how many durn fools kick it in one week.—Chicago Tribune.

Anxious to Know.

Dr. Probe—Never fear, sir. Two years ago I was just in your condition, but recovered.

Patient (eagerly)—What doctor did you have?—Judge.

A Child Enjoys.

Self-praise is no recommendation, but there are times when one must permit a person to tell the truth about himself. When what he says is supported by the testimony of some reasonable man will doubt his word. Now, to say that Alcock's Porous Plasters are the only genuine and reliable porous plasters made in this country is the slightest degree. They have stood the test for over thirty years, and in proof of their merits it is only necessary to call attention to the cures they have effected and to the voluntary testimonials of those who have used them.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for Alcock's, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

Prices guaranteed; largest stock of underwear in the city. At Stauffer's.

Sewing machines repaired, needles, oils and attachments. D. L. Keeler, 73 Pearl street.

Prices guaranteed; largest stock of underwear in the city. At Stauffer's.

Baby's First Christmas.

Chicago Service via G. R. & I. Solid Trains—Quick Time.

To Chicago—Morning train, composed of first class coaches and Wagner Buffet Parlor Car, leaves Grand Rapids at 10:40 a. m. and runs through solid to Chicago, arriving at 4:00 p. m., making all afternoon connections for the west. Night train with through coach and Wagner Sleeping Car leaves daily at 11:20 p. m., arrives Chicago 7:05 a. m.

From Chicago—Solid train leaves Chicago at 4:15 p. m., arrives Grand Rapids 9:00 p. m. Night train leaves daily at 11:00 p. m., arrives Grand Rapids 7:20 a. m. Call telephone 690.

For Over Fifty Years.

Mrs. WYCKOFF'S FOOTBALL SYRUP has been used for children's teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Distress After Eating INDIGESTION, SICK HEADACHE, AND DYSPEPSIA ARE CURED P. P. P. Prickly Ash, Poke Root & Potassium

AMUSEMENTS. GRAND OPERA HOUSE

SUNDAY, NOV. 26

And All the Week.

A Spectacular Triumph will be realized in Harry Williams' Grand Melodrama and Reproduction of

KATIE ERNETT'S WAIFS OF NEW YORK

SEE THE SCENERY. The great first scene, view of Trinity church, the flower, the great bridge, the white court, New York by day and by night. The famous Waterfront. Five scenes. Weight, 2,500 pounds, cost, \$1,000.

Mornings—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Prices—10c, 20c, 30c and 50c. No 1 Week—"The Torpedo."

W. H. POWERS, Manager. Two Nights, Monday and Tuesday, December 4 and 5

Splendid Production of the Opera

"IOLANthe"

Under the Direction of Mr. Ora Pearson. A Grand Chorus of 40 Voices.

WELL-KNOWN PRINCIPALS. Mrs. Minnie Nichols, A. R. Curry, Miss Belle Hamilton, J. D. Robinson, Mrs. Dr. Harkness, J. D. Kromer, Miss Jennie Lewis, Arthur Kromer, Miss Edie Dushman, Will McNamee.

Reserved seats 50 and 75 cents. Sale opens December 2.

LOCKERBY HALL. GRAND CHARITY CONCERT

GIVEN BY THE SCHUBERT CLUB and ST. CECILIA SOCIETY.

LOCKERBY HALL. THANKSGIVING NIGHT, NOV. 30.

Admission 50c. Seats reserved without extra charge. Box office opens Tuesday, November 2. The entire proceeds to be turned over to the Charity Organization Society.

LOCKERBY HALL. Grand Concert

—BY— MOZART SYMPHONY CLUB

OF NEW YORK.

Miss Cecilia Brown, soprano. Mr. Otto Lund, violinist. Mr. Theo. Hieb, cornetist. Mr. Alberto J. Mora, basso profundo. Mr. Richard Stauder, viola. Mr. Mario Rodicio, violoncello.

RESERVED SEATS, - - 50c.

Sale opens Monday morning.

SMITH'S OPERA HOUSE!

Wm. R. SMITH, Proprietor and Manager. The Cheapest Show Ever Witnessed For the Prices of Admission.

10c. 25c. 35c. AND

A BIG BOOM FOR HOLIDAY WEEK.

EXTRA MATINEE. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30

The curtain will rise on the beautiful opening scene, entitled "Introducing specialties by the entire company, presented by a running cline of oddities, commencing with the laughable comedy, entitled, "Under the Gas Pipe."

Box Seats. Sunday Night, Dec. 3.—The London Belle Berlesque and Vaudeville Co., under the direction of W. R. Campbell and J. M. Sweeney.

THE ENTIRE COMPANY IN THE CASE.

A. J. SHELLMAN Scientific Optician.

45 Monroe street, Grand Rapids. Eyeglasses inspected free of cost, with the latest improved methods. Glasses in every style at moderate prices. Artificial eyes to suit every case. Ear instruments of every description to benefit the deaf. See signs of big spectacles in

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I Wish to Call Your Attention

To the fact that I am prepared to furnish Pure California Wines (vintage of 1888) at the following prices:

Guaranteed Pure California Wines!

PRICE LIST:

40c Per Qt. Bottle.

40c Per Qt. Bottle.

GET A 19C SAMPLE SIZE FOR TRIAL.

These wines are carefully selected and sent direct from the vineyards in California, and for medicinal services I highly recommend them. Try our Beef, Iron and Wine (75c per quart bottle.) This preparation is one of the best tonics made.

PAUL V. FINCH, VALLEY CITY PHARMACY 50 CANAL STREET.

WONDERFUL CURES OF THE FAMOUS SPECIALIST

OF THE FAMOUS SPECIALIST



DR. S. CLAY TODD

THE FAMOUS NERVE SPECIALIST, NO. 16, NORTH DIVISION STREET, ROOMS 1, 3 AND 4.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Catarrh, Consumption, Deafness, Rheumatism, Nervous Debility, Impotency, and all diseases resulting from early indiscretions and excesses of manhood. Lost Manhood, all diseases of the urinary organs, partial paralysis, varicose, ruptures, tumors, scrofula, old sores, dropsy, skin diseases, liver and kidney complaints, heart disease, shortness of breath, back of head, small of back, etc., including all female complaints and chronic diseases cured quickly and permanently.

Consultation Free. No charge for services until cured. Medicines for home treatment sent everywhere. Send for list of questions.

Do you see anything here you want to buy for a present? If not, look at our next advertisement.

Changed every other day. Still better, come and see our large stock of Holiday Goods. If you need stoves or House Furnishing Goods we have them also.

43c. 48c. 73c. 47c. 87c.

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